

FitzSimmons

by arashikageriverflower

Category: Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D.

Genre: Humor

Language: Dutch

Characters: P. Coulson, Skye/Daisy

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-08 08:40:17

Updated: 2016-04-08 08:40:17

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:57:01

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 865

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Coulson gets caught snooping around Skye's room, for lack of a better summary.

FitzSimmons

Coulson was a man who valued privacy. As such, very rarely did he violate anyone else's. It was a basic right, in his mind, and as a key member of one of the most secretive organizations in the world, it was something he knew could sometimes be vital. Other times, though, breaking that right could be just as vital.

That was why he was in Skye's room at the moment. After what Lumley had told them, he needed to see if there was any hint at all to Skye's origins in her belongings. Maybe some small trinket the team had overlooked when they decided to protect her. It was highly unlikely. After all, he was talking about a group of highly trained SHIELD covert operatives. The first thing they would've done would've been to remove all traces of who she might've been before.

Coulson sighed and got up, knowing the search was futile, and that he shouldn't really be here. As he left, he accidentally bumped into a notebook hanging out of the small alcove in the bunk. It landed open, face-down, and as he crouched to put it back in its place, he couldn't help but read the first few paragraphs.

Leo watched Jemma from the far corner of the lab, noticing the way her eyes sparkled just so when she laughed. "What's so funny?" he asked, making himself know.

"_Oh, nothing," Jemma answered, leaning in to give him a quick peck on the lips._

Coulson frowned and continued reading. The entire notebook was filled withâ€¦ fanfiction, Phil realized. He had read enough of it about Steve Rogers to know what he was looking at. Skye was writing

fanfiction about Jemma and Leo. FitzSimmons, of course, that would be their ship name.

He smiled and continued reading, but frowned in disappointment when the notebook ended in the most inconvenient spot.

Fitz had just been shot, and was now laying on the ground as Jemma rushed over to him and May furiously disposed of the guards; after all, in this story, Fitz was like a son to her.

Coulson sighed. He needed to know the end of the story. So why not right it himself? He glanced around for a pencil, and finally found one. He settled the notebook on his lap and wrote in his best impression of Skye's handwriting.

Jemma knelt beside her bloodied love. "Fitz! Fitz, don't move. I can fix this."

Fitz laughed, but ended up choking on his own blood. "No, Jemma. And you're supposed to be the biologist here."

Jemma shook her head, refusing to believe that all was lost.

"_Jemma," Fitz wheezed. "I love you."_

And there it was, out in the open. For all to hear. It was the one taboo of their relationship. They both knew, but neither was supposed to acknowledge it. For him to break itâ€|

"_Don't lose hope, Fitz."_

Now Fitz was weeping. "Please, Jemma, say it."

Jemma shook her head furiously. "I can't. If I doâ€|."

"_It's okay," Fitz breathed. "Say it. I'll see you soon. I just want to hear you say it."_

Jemma let out a shuddering breath. "I love you, too, Leo."

They were both weeping now, but Fitz still smiled like she had given him the world. "There it is," he murmured, then breathed his last.

Jemma cried out in agony, and kissed him like it would give him life.

"_Let's go," May said._

"_No!" Jemma stood, between the assassin and the body. The bodyâ€|. "We can't leave him."_

"_We can't bring him home, either," May argued. Suddenly, she softened, putting a hand on Simmons' shoulder. "It hurts me, too," she said quietly._

The two women walked away from the battle, leaning on each other, as they would for the weeks to come.

Coulson sighed and put down the pencil. Well, that was fun. Now it was time to go back to work.

â€|oOoâ€|

Skye knew exactly who had done it. She had no qualms about walking right up to Coulson in his office and waving the notebook in his face. "Someone was in my bunk."

Coulson hummed non-committally.

"They wrote in my notebook. Damn good ending, too, though I was going for a more 'fluffy' recovery story."

There was a hint of smugness around Coulson's expression, but he still didn't say anything.

Skye sighed. It was infuriating. "Write your own fanfiction," she finally said, before walking out.

It was right as she reached the door that Coulson chuckled. "I have. Don't tell her I said this, but I think even May has. They're the bus's OTP."

Skye looked at Coulson as if he'd grown another head.

"What?" the agent asked. "Grown men aren't allowed to read fanfiction, too?"

Skye blinked, shook her head, and decided not to even dignify that with an answer.

â€|oOoâ€|

**A/N: I just had to. Coulson's fanboy life, combined with the absolutely perfect OTP of FitzSimmons? It was begging to be written.**

**In case you were having trouble telling, this fic takes place during the events of the first season episode "Seeds". **

**Read and review, please! Constructive criticism is always welcome, but flames can and will go straight to the trash.**

**NamariÃ«! **

**~River**

End
file.